

THE Counter-Scuffle.

Whereunto is added

THE
Counter-Rat.

Written by R. S.



L O N D O N,

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THE
COUNTER-
SCUFFLE.

L Et that Majestick Pen that writes
Of brave *K. Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble Feats and Fights:
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Beares*, and Mastive Doggs,
be silent.

And now let each one listen well,
While I the Famous Battell tell,
In *Woodstreet*; Counter that befell
in high Lent,
In which great *Scuffle* only twain,
Without much hurt, or being slain,
Immortall honour did obtain

by merit,
One

The Counter-Souffle.

One was a *Captain* in degree,
A strong and lustly man was he,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free

of Spirit.

And though he was no man of force,
He had a stomach like a Horse,
And in his rage had no remorse

or pitty.

Full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettiest sparks about

the City.

And at his weapon any way
He could perform a single fray,
Even from the long pike to the *Tay-*
lors Bodkin.

He reckt not for his flesh a jot,
He fear'd nor *Englishmen* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monster* car'd he not

a Dodkin,

For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in Desperation.
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*

he car'd not;

And

The Counter-Scuffle.

And in his anger (cause being given)
To lift his hand 'gainst good Sir Steven,
Or any *Iustice* under Heaven,
he fear'd not.

He durst his enemy withstand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* Sand,
And bravely there with Sword in hand
would greet him,

And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongst his foes to purchase fame,
Nor cared though the Devill came
to meet him.

And this brave *Goldsmith* was the man,
Who first this worthy brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can
of mild Beer,

But had you seen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he sought,
Ther's no man but would have him thought
a wild Bear,

Imagine now you see a score
Of madcap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did use to royst and rore,
and swagger.

Among

The Counter-Scuffle.

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themselves by wisdoms lore,
Whose very Grandfires scarcely wore
a Dagger.

A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, men well read,
In wiping Spoons and chipping Bread,
And falling to, short grace being sed,
full roundly :

Whose hungry maws no Sallers need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their stomachs without sauce could feed
profoundly.

'Twas ill that men of sober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that toriot
were given :
And (O great grief!) even from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being strong & good)
And that sweet place whereon it stood,
be driven.

But here 'tis sitting I repeat,
What food our dainty prisoners eat ;
But if in placing of the meat
and Dishes,
From

The Counter-Scuffle.

From curious order I do swerve,
'Tis that themselves did none observe,
For which nor flesh they did deserve,
nor Fishes.

But some (perhaps) will say that Lent,
Affords them not what here is ment,
So much, so good, and that they went
without it,

'Tis like; but if I add a Dish,
Or twain, or three, of Flesh or Fish,
They either had, or did it with,
ne're doubt it.

Then wipe your mouths, while I declare,
The goodnesse of this Lenten fare,
Which is in Prison very rare,

I tell ye.

Furmy as sweet as any *Nut*.
As good as ever will'd a Gut
And butter sweet as e're was put

*The
Supper.*

in Belly.

Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly stood,
And meats which heat and stir the bloud
to action.

As

The Counter-Scuffle

As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobsters* red,
Which send the married payre to bed,
And in loose blouds have often bred,
a Faction.

Fish butter'd to the Platters brim,
And *Parfnips* did in Butter swim,
Strew'd o're with *Pepper* neat and trim,
Salt *Salmon*.

Smelts clyde, come eat me, do not stay,
Fresh Cod, and *Maid*s full neatly lay,
And next to these a lusty Ba-

con *Gammon*
Struck thick with *Cloves* upon the back,
Well stust with *Sage*, and for the smack,
Daintily strew'd with *Pepper* black,
Soni'd *Gurnet*,

Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench*, and *Trout*,
Meat far too good for such a rout,
To tumble, tosse, and throw about
and spurn it,

The next a *Neats-tongue* neatly dryde,
Mustard and *Suger* by his side,
Roaches butter'd, *Flounders* fryde,
Hot *Custard*.
Eels

The Conuener's Scuffle.

Eeles boyl'd & broyl'd; and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes King*,
And then a Courtly *Poul of Ling*

and *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot
The flesh which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the pot

now taken,

A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg of Mutton*,
As good as ever Knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton

forfaken.

A *Loyn of Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,
And they sometimes will feed full hard

Like tall men.

And such as love the *Lusty Chine*;
But when that I shall Sup or Dine,
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,

Of all men.

Thus the Descriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of Men and Meate,
Mars ayd me now while I repeat

The Battel,

B

Where

The Counter-Scuffle

Where Pots and Stools were us'd as gins;
To break each other Heads and Shins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
to rattle;

Where men to madnesse never ceast,
Till each (furious as a Beast)
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast
full dainty;

Whereon (had they not been accurst)
They might have fed till Bellies burst;
But *Ellis* shew'd himself the worst
of twenty.

For he began this monstrous braull,
Which afterward incens'd them all
To throw the meat about the Hall
that Even.

And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between these men of War,
Wherein so many a harmlesse scar
was given;

The boord thus furnisht, each man late,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
Mong whom a jarring question strait
was risen.

For

The Counter-Scuffle.

For they grew hotly in dispute,
What Calling was of most repute ;
'Twas well their wits were so accute
in Prison.

While they discours'd the Parson blythe
Fed as he meant to have the Tithe
Of every Dish, being sharp as Sythe
in Feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,
Or elce (perhaps) he would have spoke
In praise of his long-threed-bare Cloke
and breeding,

But after a deliberate pause,
The Lawyer spoke, as he had cause,
In commendation of the Law
profession ;

The Law (quoth he) by a just doom
Doth censure all that to it come,
And still defend the innocent from
oppression ;

It favours truth, it curbs the hope
Of vice ; it gives allegiance scope,
Provides a Gallows and a Rope
For treason.

The Counter-Scuffle.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes us here in prison sit,
Which grounded is on holy Writ.

And Reason

To which all men must subject be,
As we by daily proof doe see,
From highest to the low'st degree;

The *Scholer*,

Noble and *Rich*: It doth subdue
The *Souldier* and his swaggering crue:
But at that word the Captain grew

In choler;

He lookt full grim, and at first word
Rapt out an Oath that shook the Board,
And struck his Fist, that the sound roar'd

Like Thunder;

It made all skip, that stood him near,
The frighted *Gustard* quak'd for fear,
And those that heard it, stricken were

with wonder,

Nought did he now but frown and puffe,
And having star'd and swore enough,
Thus he began in language rough,

Thou cogging
Bale.

The Counter-Scaffold.

Base feysting Lawyer, that dost set
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-

tifogging

A Slave, that shall for half a Crown,
With Buckram Bag, and daggled Gown,
Wait like a Dog about the Town,

And follow

A Businesse on the Devils part
For Fees, though not with Law nor Art,
But Head as empty as thy Heart

Is hollow ;

You stay at home and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our bloods do leese,
And then with such base terms as these

You wrong us ;

But Lawyer, it is safer faster
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Than once to shew thy face i'th' warre

Among us ;

Where to defend such thanklesse Hinds
The Souldier little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormy winds

And weathers,

And

The Counter-Scuffle.

And oft in blood he wades full deep,
Your throats from forain Swords to keep,
And wakes when you securely sleep
in Feathers.

What could your *Laws* and *Statutes* do
Against invasions of a *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* go
to quell'em?

And to prevent your further harms,
With *Ensigne*, *Fife*, and loud *Alarms*
Of warlike *Drum*, by force of *Arms*
repell'em?

Your *Trespasse Action* will not stand,
For setting foot upon your *Land*,
When they in scorn of your command
come hither,

No remedy in *Courts* of *Pauls*,
In *Common Pleas*, or in the *Roules*,
For jauling of your *jobbermoules*
together.

Were't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
Where woul'dst thou *Fog* to get a *Fee*?
But to defend such things as thee,
'tis pitty,
For

The Counter-Scuffle.

For, such as thou esteem us least,
Who ever have been ready prest
To guard you and the Cuckoos nest,
your City.

That very word made Ellis start,
And all his blood ran to his heart,
He shook, and quak'd in every part
with anger,

He lookt as if nought might assuage
The heat of his enflamed Rage,
His very countenance did presage
some danger..

A Cuckoos nest? quoth he, and so
He hum'd, and held his head full low,
As if distracted thoughts did o-
verpresse him,

At length, quoth he, my Mother fed,
At *Bristow* she was brought abed,
And there was Ellis born and bred,
(God bleesse him).

Of London City I am free,
And there I first my Wife did see,
And for that very cause, quoth he,
I love it.

And

The Counter-Scuffle.

And he that calls it Cuckoos nest,
Except he sayes he sprakes in jest,
He is a Villain and a Beast,

Ile prove it,
This i'll maintain, nor do I care
Though Captain Pot-gun stamp and stare,
And swagger, swear and tear his hair
in fury;

And with the hazzard of my blood
I'll fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrell good,
Assure ye.

For though I am a man of Trade,
And Free of London City made,
Yet can I use Gun, Bill, and Blade
In Battell;

And Citizens, if need require,
Themselves can force the Foe retire,
VVhat ever this Low-Country Squire
Do prattle;

For we have Souldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of most fair Renown
About it;

The Counter-Scuffle.

If any Foe should fight again,
And set on us with all his Train,
We'll make him to retire again,
Nere doubt it

We have fought well in Danger past,
And will doe while our lives doe last,
VVithout the help of any cast

Commanders
That hither come, compel'd by want,
With rusty Swords, and Suits provant,
From *Vuick*, *Nunigen*, or *Gast*

In *Flanders*,
The Captain could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold

and call'd him
Proud Boy, and for his saucy speech,
Did vow shortly to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* snatcht the pot, with which

he mall'd him The
He threw the Jugge, and therewithall Scuffle
Did give the Captain such a mall
As made him thump against the wall

his Crupper
with

The Counter-Scuffle.

With that the *Captain* took a Dish
That stood brim full of butterd Fish,
As good as any heart could wish

To Supper,

And as he threw his Foot did slide,
Which turn'd his Arm and Dish aside,
And all be-butterd fishide

Nick Ballas

And he (good man) did none discale,
But sitting quiet and at ease,
With butterd *Roebuck* sought to please

his palat

But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd, and swore, and grew stark mad,
Some in the Room been better had

without him;

For he took hold of any thing
And first he caught the *Post* of *Link*
Which he courageously did fling

about him;

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the Board in highest place

was seated.

And

The Counter-Scuffle.

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,
The *Salt* was thrown into his eyes,
Which him off sight in wofull wise

Defeated

All things near hand, *Nick Ballas* threw,
At length his butterd *Rebbers* flew
And hit by chance, among the crew,

The *Parson*.

The *Sauce* his Coat did all be wet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The *Seat* was butterd which he set

His—on

He knew not what to doe or say,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, you are all gone astray,

Good people

He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach,
Or when the *Bell* ring out, go preach.

i th' Steeple

At this mischance the silly man,
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began

to mutter,

C 2

III

The Countess's chaffe.

All Luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Pattin* full of Fat,
Which stuck like Broaches in his Hat
And was bound with Butter.

Out of the place he soon repayes,
And ran halfe headlong down the Stayres,
And made complaint to Master Ayres
With crying,

Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter

Which were lying
I dare not say he think for wo,
Nor will, unless I did it know,
But some there be that dare say so,

That smelt him
Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw Dishes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loaves of Bread
Bepekt him

He thrust himselfe into the throng,
And us'd the vertu of his tongue,
But what could one mans words among

so many?

The

The Counter-Scuffle.

The Candles were all thimble out,
The Vittles flew afresh about;
Was never such a Combat fought
by any.

Now in the Dark was all the coyl,
Some were bloody in the Broyl,
And some lay steep in Sallet-Oyl

and Mustard
The fight would make a man afraid:
Another had a butterd Beard,
Anothers face was all belmeard

with Custard.
Others were dawb'd up to the knee
With butterd Fish and Parmice,
And some the men could scarcely see

that beat 'em, Will: Lla-
Vnder the Board *Luellin* lay, ellin a
Being foretighted with the Fray, prisoner
And as the weapons flew that way there,
he eat 'em sometimes
the Keep-
or

The bread stuck in the windowes all,
Like Bullets in a Castle wall
VWhich furious foes doe seek to Scal

in Battle
Shoulders

The Counter-Scuffle.

Shoulders of Mutton, and Loyns of Veal,
Appointed for to serve the Meal
About their cares full many a Peal
Did rattle,

The which when *O wen Blany* spide,
Oh, take away their Armes he cryde
Lest some great hurt doe them bestride,
Prevent it.

*One of
the under
Keepers.*

And then the Knave away did steal
Of Food that fell, no little deal,
And in his Houle at many a Meal
He spent it,

The Captain ran the rest among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* stong
So stoudly,

And angry *Ellis* fought about
To finde the furious Captain out,
At length they met, and then they fought
Devoutly;

Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their loud robustious din,
The Room and all that was therein
Did rumble;
Instead

The Counter-Scuffle.

In stead of Weapons made of Steel,
The Captain took a Salted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.

Ellis a Pippin-Pie had got,
A sorer weapon than the *Por*,
For lo, the Apples being hot
did scald him.

The Captain layd about him still,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eel* with a good will
He mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A Fellow of a couragious heart,
Yeeld now, and I will take thy part
hereafter

Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorn to hear
Thy words of threats, being free from fear,
VVith which he hardly could forbear
from laughter.

Together then afresh they fly,
The *Eel* against the Pippin-Pie:
But *Blany* stood there purposely
to watchem,
The

The Counter-Scuffle.

The weapons wherewithall they fought
Were those for which he chiefly fought,
And with an eager stomach thought
to catch 'em

But scap't not now so well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* Fray;
He thought to have with such a prey
his jawes fed,

But all his hope did turn aside,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-pippin' py'd
his Calves-head,

Wo was the case he now was in,
The hot Apples did scald his skin,
His Skull as it had rotten bin,
did quoddle

With that one Fool among the rout
Made our cry all the House about,
That *Blay's* Brains were beesp our
his Noddle

A Turn-
key, a fat
fellow
Which *Lock* wood hearing, needs would see
What all this coyl and stirre might bee,
And up the Staires his Guts and bee
went wadling
But

The Counter-Scuffle

But when he came the Chamber near,
Behinde the Door he stood to hear,
For in he durst not come for fear

of swadling,

There stood he in a frightfull case,
And as by chance he stirr'd his face
Full in the mouth a Butterd Playce

did hit him;

A way he sneakt, and with his tongue
He lickt and swallowd up the wrong,
And as he went the Room along,

be—him.

For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I dy,
My guts out of my belly fly,

come quickly;

Blany with open mouth likewise
For present help of Surgeon cryes,
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lyes,

so sickly;

Phillips the skilful Surgeon then
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen,
If he had skil to cure these men,

to shew it

D

At

The Counter-Scuffle.

At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands to feel for *Lockwoods* Guts
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts;

All know it

He cries for water; In the mean
One calls up *Madge* the *Kitchen* quean,
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it

Fast by the Nose she took the Squall,
And led him softly th'row the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
about it

She turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,
Nor could she chuse but laugh to see
That yallow which was wont to bee
a white breech

She took a Dish-clout off the shelve,
And with it wip't the sh—— Elfe,
Which had not wit to help it selfe
Poor = breech

Thus leaving *Lockwood* all berayd,
Vnto the mercy of the Mayd,
VWho well deserv'd to be payd

For taking
Such

The Counter-Scuffle.

Such homely paines: Now let us cast
Our thoughts back on the stirre that's past,
And them whose Bones could not in haile
Leave aking.

And like the Candles, shall my Pen
Shew you these Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,
Appeared

Fresh lights being brought t'appease the Brall
Shew twenty mad-men in the Hall,
VVith Blood and Sauce their faces all
Besmeared

Their Cloathes rent and soue'd in drink,
Oyle, Mustard, Butser, and the stink
Which *Lock wood* left, would make one think
In sadnesse

That these so monstrous creatures dwell
Either in Bedlam, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
Their madnesse

They were indeed disfigured so,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe-man foe,
For each man scarce himselfe did know;

But after
A

The Counter-Scuffle.

Afrantick staring round about,
They suddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in lafter.

The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently do perswade,
And (as before) all friends are made,
full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captain* doth imbrace,
The *Captain* doth return the grace,
And so do all men in the place,
as friendly,

By *Iove* I love thee *Ellis* cry'd,
The *Captain* soon as much reply'd,
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,
and *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at ods again shall be,
Ere any jarres twixt thee and me,
And therupon I drink to thee
a full Can.

And then he kneel'd upon the ground,
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round:
For ever shall be held renown'd,
and never
May

The Counter-Scuffle.

May any Quarrell twixt us twain
Arise, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
for ever;

Amen cry'd the *Captain*, so did all,
And so the Health went round the Hall,
And thus the Famous Counter Braull

was ended,
But hunger now did vex'em more
Than all their anger did before,
They searcht i'th' Room how far their store
extended

They want the Meat which *Blany* stole;
One finds a *Herring* in a hole
VVith dirt and dust black as a coal,
and trodden;

All under feet: The next in post
Snaps up and feeds on what was lost,
And looks not whether it were rost
or sodden;

A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in dirty case,
And *Mustard* in his fellows face.

Another
Elpics.

The Counter-Scuffle.

Espies, and findes a Loaf of Bread,
A Dish of Butter all bespread,
And stuck upon anothers head

i' th' pother

Thus what they found contented some;
At length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanse the Room

with sweeping

But under Table on the ground
Looking to swcep, by chance he found
Luellin, faining to bee sound-

ly sleeping

He puld him out so swift b' the heeles,
As if his bum had run on wheelles,
And found his pocket stuf with *Eeles*,

His Cod-pieces

Did plenty of provision bring,
Somewhat it held of every thing,
Smells, Flounders, Roebess, and of Ling

A broad piece

At this Discovery each man round
Took equall share of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely droun'd

in good Drink,

For

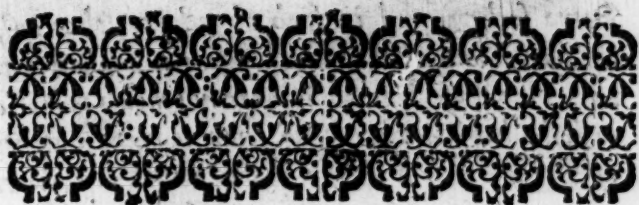
The Counter-Scuffle.

For of good Beere there was good store,
Till all were glad to give it o're,
For each man had enough and more,
That would drink.
And when they thus had drunk and fed,
As if no Quarrell had been bred,
They all shook hands, and all to bed
did shuffle

Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave *Captain* of renown,
And thus I end this famous Coun-

ter Scuffle





To the Reader

His Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle being thus finish't, hath ever since frightened both Prisoners and Taylors from comming into any room, for fear of a second Vproar. So that the Counter for want of sweet garnishing and cleanly looking to, is grown so nasty, that no man (by his good will) will thrust his Nose in at any of the grates: Nay will rather goe a mile about, than come near it; Though to keep it sweet, a great deale of Mace is stuck upon every Sergeant, as if he were a Capon in white broth.

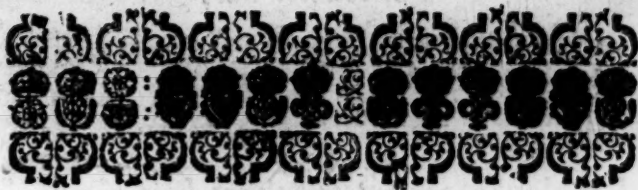
Upon this stinkingnesse, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not such Rats as run up and down in Brew-houses, sucking the new Wort of strong
E Beer

Beere so long, and in such abundance, that half the City is compelled to drink Beere as small as water; Nor those Rats which are not mealy mous'd in Bake-houses, where they gnaw so many bateses of Bread, that a Penny loafer wants sometimes three or foure ounces in waight. And then the honest Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently set in the Pillory.

Neither are they those Rats, which grease their throats in Tallow-Chandlers shops, where they nibble so much upon Candles, that not one pound in an hundred is ever full waight.

No, these are no Rats with four Legs, but only two; and though they have nests in a thousand places of London, yet for the most part they run but into two Rat-traps, that is to say, The Counters of Wood-street and the Poultry, and for that cause are called Counter-Rats.

*How caught, how mous'd, and what they are,
This Picture lively doth declare.*



THE
Counter Rat.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes that stick and snee,
Of Battoon Dam-meets that cry bree,

I sing now,
At men and women, (Bawds and whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keep Doores,
At all that out-face Vintners Scores,

I sing now,
What sing I? Nothing but light Rimes,
Not tun'd as are Saint *Palkers* Chimes,
No Steeples heigh my Muse now climes,
But flyeth

Close the ground, as Swallowes doe,
VWhen rainy weather must ensue,
She flies, and sings, and if not true,

She lyeth.
Lay

The Counter Rat.

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy Tricks by,
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads die,
Thy Theaming likewise I defie

O Fenner,

Let Hogfden Scrapers on their Bale
Sound Fum fum fum from tottred Case,
Nor Mean, nor Treble now take place,

But Tenor;

A Counter Tenor is that note,
Too easie ;—tis nere sung by rote,
But got with wetting of your throat

with Claret,

Or stout March Beer, or Windsor Ale,
Or Labor-in-vain (so seldom stale)
Or Pymlico, whose too great sale

did mar it,

He that me reads, shall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Vigils* Gnat,
And *Ovids* Flea, which so near sat

the Moon-shine,

For I of stranger Wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermin got each night,
Mad Buls i' th' dark, but Guls in light,

Of Sun-shine

My

The Counter-Rat,

My Metamorphosis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And then, those Rats are Pris'ners fare,

O pitty!

But tis good sport to see them drest,
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,
Each bit being salted with a jest

scarce witty :

These are not Rats that nibble Cheese,
Or challenge mouldy crusts for Fees,
And rather will their long Tayles leese

than Bacon;

No, these are they whose guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons, hard with powder ram'd)

And Bag-pipe cheeks with Wine enflam'd,
are taken

By Constables and Bill-men eke,
Who speak no Latin, French, nor Greek,
But are Night Sconces out to seek,

Night sneakers,

Who late in Taverns up do sit,
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,
Pouring in Boules till they out spit

full Beakers.

These

The Counter Rat.

These (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Pris'ner shakes his shaggy head,
And leaning half out of his bed,

A laughing

Fals, — and cries out — a Rat, a Rat,
Oh! roars another, — Is he fat?
If not, — fley off his Cloak or Hat:

Thus scoffing

Till morn they lie, — The poor Rat gets
Into some hole, — besides his wits
To hear such catterwouling fits,

So fright him:

But Day being come, — all up do rise,
And call for Beer to clear his eyes,
A Garnish then the whole Room cries,

They bite him,

Ask any how such news I tell,
Of *Woodstreets* Hole, or *Poultry's* Hell?
Know, I did' mongst those Gipsies dwell

That cuzzen there,

I mean the Turn-keys, and those Knaves,
Who rack (for Fees) men worse then slaves,
I saw brought in with Bills and Glaves,

Some duzzen there

For

The Counter-Rat.

For I one night by Rug-Gowns caught,
Was for a Rat to th' Counter brought,
What there my dear experience bought,
He sell ye

Cheaper than I could have it there,
For they for Tokens throats will tear,
But such as 'tis, fill with the chear

Your belly.

Prick up your ears,—for I begin
To tell what Rats, my night, came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Gin,

But mildly

Being cal'd before the Bench of Wits
Who sit out midnights Bedlam Fits;
But some being rid, like jades with Bits,

Ran wildly

First, about twelve, the Counter Gates
Thunderd with thumpings,—Doors & Grates
Reeld at the peal,—when our prison-mates

Vp starting

Saw in the Yard a frantick Swarm,
Crying, O my head, neck, sides, leg, arm,
Sore had the Fight been, but small harm

At parting
It

The Counter Rat.

It was a Watch, swearing we bleed,
But 'twas their Noses dropt indeed;
Masters (quoth they) we charge ye take heed
Of him there.

A Roaring Rat.

That Royfter, us to our trumps has put,
And run our Beadle th'row a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut
a limb here.

They gone, up comes the *Bredab* Bouncer,
His Tusks stiff-starcht like a brave Mounser,
Of Turabull puncks a staring Trouncer,
Some knew him.

Why here, quoth we? why? zounds because,
I tugg'd with Bears, and par'd their pawcs,
But sure I mauld Mr Constables jawcs,
Or slew him;

All's one—sayd one, please you to bed Sir;
He (swearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I scorn to rock my Harnesse-Head Sir

In Feathers;
Give

The Counter-Rat.

Give me a Brick, Sir, for my bolster,
An Armourer still is my Upholster,
In frost, snow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,
hang weathers.
Rogue, fetch me a sweet trusse of straw,
To fire thy tail—Pox a this Law,
That coopes a Souldier like lack Daw,
I'lt treason?
Rascall! more Claret; Ther's none here Sir;
Why then (you mangy Cur) some Beer Sir;
Ther's not a Tapster dares come neer Sir,
thy reason?
Because you thwack out such huge words Sir,
His wezand fears them worse than swords Sir;
Mum then,—i'le take a nap o'th' boords Sir.
He sleeps there.

A Crosse-legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who to take measure out had bin,
And (maudlin drunk) to rince his sin,
he weeps there.

F

Weeps

The Counter-Rat.

Weeps to be cal'd a Rat, being known
A man at least, — so down being thrown
On a hard Bench, thus did he groan

in sorrow;

Brethren where am I ? One reply'd,
In Wood-street Counter, — O my bride!
Thou art tane down, and I must hide

too morrow

A head that was not hid before,
Wo worth him makes *Manasses* roare,
But die I may not in his score

beleeye me;

For consolation I espy
Th'row my sweet Spanish needles eye,
The Sisters will (if here I lie)

releeve me.

Sisters i'th' Counter ! Oh no : here
Only the wicked ones appear,
Wash then thy shame in brinish teare,

Confessing

Th'art rightly punisht for thy Yard,
And for thy Goose which graz'd too hard,
And for some Stuffles which thou had marr'd
with pressing.

We

The Counter-Rat.

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,
Black threds of vice (quoth he) I spin,
And then agen did thus begin,

condoling,
All are not Friers, I see, wear Cowls,
Nor all in minc'd ruffles, milk-white souls,
I should have talk'd thus, when the bowls
were trolling :

But then, to steal I held no harm,
Lappets of drink to keep me warm,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arm,
indeed la,

O would my Shears might cut my thred,
Why is this crosse-legg'd mischief bred?
Mending my want from heel to head
with speed la.

Sorrow has made me dry, — No matter,
Out of mine eys will I drink water,
No other Rara my brains shall batter,
to kill me,

Roof, touch no more, wines, French or Spa-
All drinks Papistickall I banish, [nith,
Out of my lips this phrase shall vanish,

Boy, fill me —

One

The Counter-Rat.

One bid him call for Beer,—he sed,
Oh ! No more Beer,—But reach me bread,
By that i'll swear—Would I were dead,
and rotten,
When I agen swill ought but whay,
Yet lest (being cold) my zeal decay,
Hot waters shall not be one day
forgotten.

An old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly snores ;
And then afresh wide flie the doores,
An Usurer hedg'd in with mad whores
came wallowing,
As does a great ship on the Seas,
Set on by Gallies, —for, all these
VVerre Fish-wives, who had wine at ease
Been swallowing ;
And blown him up with penny-pots
Of Sack, which fall to him by lots,
Pay'd him at weeks end by th' old Trots,
for shillings
Each

The Counter-Rat.

Each Monday lent them, —to buy Skate,
Crabs, Plaice, and Sprats at *Billingsgate*;
Thus then they met, and hold thus late
their drillings;
He rests in peace—but is not dead,
Yet is worms meat in lousie bed,
And lies like one wrapt up in Led,
none stirr'd him,
But all his Oyster-mouthes gap'd wide,
(VVine in their guts was at full Tide)
The Devill did so their Rumps bestride,
and spurr'd them:
They flung & winc'd, and kickt down staires
Themselves, and stamp't like Flanders Mares,
Hell is broke loose,—No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dog (besawc'd in Sack)
They grind their teeth, and curse him black,
Crying out, 'Tis thes does break our back,
and broach them;
So fast, that all their gaines boyl out
Deep-red to die his pocky snout,
But, that which flung these brands about
so hotly,
Gan

The Counter-Rat

Gan now to quench them, steep does sound
Retreat, dead-drunk they all lie drown'd
In cast-up Wine, — and on the ground
The shot lie.

A Black Rat.

Scarce was this hellish din allay'd,
But drencht in mire, with drink beray'd,
(New curried) was brought in a jade
all Mettle,
An Estridge that Iron Barres could eat,
And Strong beer out of Sea coals beat,
His Fifty-cuffes did the Watch fret
and nettle;
This second Smug, who had the staggers,
This Vulcanist, whose nayls were Daggers,
This Smith so arm'd in Ale, he swaggers
at Inoring:
Though lockt up, yet set up his Trade,
Bolts, Hinges, Bars, and Grates he made
Fly, — which being heard, the Jaylors pay'd
his roaring,
They

The Counter-Rat.

They furnish'd him with Iron enough,
 Neck, Hands, and legs had armour tough,
 And stronger (but more cold) than Buff,
 to guard him,
 How did they this? none durst come near him,
 Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him,
 All bringing Cans, to pledge them, swear him
 So snar'd him,
 Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's shackles,
 And cry'd, t'other pott, I want more tackles,
 And thus (till break of day) it cackles.
 lay'd having
 The addle Eggs of his turn'd brains,
 In his iron nest of rusty chains,
 Which made him lose both sense of pains,
 and raving.

A Long-sayl'd Rat.

THe next that in our Little Ease,
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a spruce knave, like none of these,
but sober ;
As

The Counter-Rat

As the Strand May-pole, — he did go;
In ruff — His thumb th'row Ring did show
A Gentleman seal'd, — for he was no
hog-grubber.

It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
VWhose back wore freez, but bum no scarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
at noddy:

But being hal'd in, his hair he rent;
And swore they all should dear repent
Their baseness, — for no ill he meant
to her boddy;

The Prisoners ask't then what she was,
(Quoth he) My Client — One well to passe,
Though here they impound me like an Ass,
i'le ferk them;

I'le make the Bradle pluck in's horn,
He flirtd at my Nose in scorn,
The VVatch shall stink, the Constable mourne
i'le jerk them;

Hang them (if need be) for they broke
Her house, — That's Burglary, — The clock
Scarce counting two, — Then they struck
o'th mazzard
An

The Counter-Rat.

An action of strong Battry ! Good !
They made my Nose then gush bloud,
(One more !)--And that I mist the mud
was hazzard.

Her's Law in lumps:—Must, when to triall
My Client comes, I have deniall
For ingresse to her, by Scabs ? A Ryall
I enter

At Midnight,—a plain Case,—else *Ployden*
The Case is altred:—shall each *Hoyden*
Bar Law her course ? Dare rustick *Royden*
so venture?

A farthing-candle burning by,
By chance his railing rage did die,
Yet to his Brest, Revenge did crie:
so churning,
His brains for Law-tricks how to sting them,
And up to all the Bars to bring them,
He sate, hard-twisting cords to wring them,
till morning.

*No more of this light skipping Verse,
A dreery Table I now rehearse.*

The Counter-Rat.

Long this brown study did not last,
But in, at Compter-gates as fast
Throng'd in the Watch agen, A noise
Of scraping men and squeaking boys
Straight fill'd the house. The Two-penny
Leap'd up, and fell a dancing hard : (ward
Out at the Hole, all thrust their heads,
The Knights Ward left their seven groat
The Masters side hearing the din (beds,
Swore, that the Devil was sure brought in,
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the noyse, some lent an ear ;
None curs'd, but what went drunk to bed,
Being then for want of drink half dead.

Lock't were the Fidlers in a Room ;
All cry'd, Strike up, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,
The Minnikin tickled, roar did the Base,
Then bawdy songs, all sleep must chace ;
The men play'd heavily, boyes did whine,
Not seeing Meat, Money, Beer, nor VVine,
Up such a laugh the Prisoners took,
That the Beds danc'd, and Chambers shook,
Nay, the strange hubbub did so please,
At Prison-bace ran both Lice and Fleas.

The

The Counter-Rat.

The Rozzen rub'd off, and Cats guts weary,
We ask'd, how they who made men merry
Grew sad themselves, And why (like Sprites)
Fidlers being strung to walk anights,
Were they lock'd up? -- One then, i'th' eye
Putting his finger, told us why.
Quoth he, being met by a mad Crew,
In these poor cases -- up they drew
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers swore
We should play them to the Blue Bore,
Kept by mad Ralf at Islington,
Whose Hum and mum, being powr'd upon
Our guts, --- so burnt 'em, we desir'd
To part; --- being out o'th' house ev'n fir'd:
As our hands play'd our heads were plied,
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried;
For such hot waters sod our brain,
Like Daws in *June*, we gap'd for rain,
Strong were our Coxcombes, our legs weak,
We, nor our Fiddles had wit to speak,
The company then being fast asleep,
And we paid soundly, out did creep
Into the high-way --- O sweet Moon!
We, but for thee, had been undone:

The Counter-Rat.

Yet, though thy torch to us was lighted,
VVe all might well have been indited
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one ditch being almost drown'd,
Yet out we scrambled, and a long (throng,
The Play house came, — where seeing no
We swore 'twas sure some scurvie play,
That all the people so sneak'd away,
And so the Players descended were
To th' Starres, Nags-head, or *Christopher*.

To all those Taverns (we cry'd) Let's go,
At which one fell, and then swore—No.

The Bars in Smith-field well we past,
For all the VVatch had run in hast,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bils, wak'd by a cry
Of VVhore-dorps tane by th' enemy.
From Cow-Crosse stood those stoves not far,
In which were entred men of VVar,
(Low-Country Souldiers late come o're)
Each one going in to presse a VVhore.

Leaving them pressing, on we trot
Through the Horse-fair, till we had got
Into the middle of Long-Lanc,
VVhere up the Devil do Brokers train,

There

The Counter-Rat.

There down we fell, and then fell out,
Our leathern Cases flew about
VVe fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought so long,
That all our Fiddles lay half unstrung,
Their backs were broke, and we o'th' ground,
Swouning for grief they did not sound;
Our noyse brought up from Aldersgate
The rugged VVatch, who before sate
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,
VVho with a guard of half a score
Sciz'd us, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lacbrima* you there shall play.

This told, the Prisoners laugh't out-right,
And though the whole VVard had no light,
Yet from their beds all skipt and cry,
Scrapers, Strike up, we the VVatch defie.

The Moon so bold was to look in,
And saw some only in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckowes when *Iune's* past)
Some had long shirts down to their waste,
Some wanted back-parts, some an Arm,
None wore a shirt could keep him warm,
A French Boy, that sweeps Chimnies, wears
His patch'd-up Frock as white as theirs :

The Counter-Rati

Some on their heads no night-caps wore,
Some lapp'd their browes in hose all tore.
They hobble about, they frisk, they sing,
So long, that crackt was every string,
By their rude horse-play altogether,
Flinging their legs they car'd not whither.
Such horrid noise, such stinking smell
Cannot be heard nor felt in hell:
Yet o're they gave not, till the Sun
Arose, then all to bed did run.

Good Morrow.



THE Rats into the Trap that fell
That night, were few — The Constable
Belike did wink, and would not see;
For, when the winds rise, his watch and he
Tosse all that venture on their waves;
The rocks being brown-bills, clubs, & flaves,
On which they split them: — These and they
When morning comes are fetch'd away;
Those Rats o're night whose shapes did leese,
Being soon turn'd men, by paying but fees,
Yet some lose tail, some are scracht bare,
Whilst Constables and Counters share.

FINIS.

